

# Skinny Puppy, Killing Game

Fallen angel head crashes dead out of control  
Lost memories staircase twists  
Darker rooms lit with left out toys  
After playing mean changes toys into tools  
Twisted playthings on the staircase fools  
Fools weapons represents the killing game  
Who taught the killing game  
Who taught the killing game  
Awaken eyes sewn wearing glasses dripping tap tap temple door  
Locked inside scream inner scraping tooth and nail nowhere to go  
Quiet retraces forcing light tears then pretend nothing blinds  
Blinds closed in sanctuary closed in sanctuary  
Padded walls not quiet storm's fury burnt out killing time  
Who taught the killing game  
Time's taught the killing game herself  
No I taught the killing game first  
Passing words distant pain remember trains of thought collide  
No one view window  
Pushing faces through shards cold glass poke bloody holes exposed  
I taught the killing game first  
I taught the killing game first  
Tongue lash spewing red tortured animals wake up time  
Beckons death upon myself eyes travelled harden  
Strange no stronger feeling  
Tempting motion slows to a crawl  
Places his own foot in its own trap  
Let go the springs snap shut  
Crazy sharper teeth giving in to the jaws of death  
I taught the killing game  
I taught the killing game first  
I taught I taught I taught the game first